



## LETTERS TO SANTA CLAUS

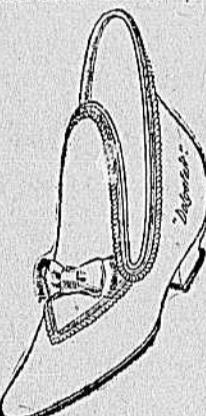
Richmond, Va.  
Dear Santa Claus.—I am a little boy nearly four years old, and my mama will have to write my letter to you. I would like you to bring me a nice new overcoat, with an eagle on the sleeve and brass buttons down the front; a pair of leather leggings, a tool chest, an automobile, and some pop-crackers and a horn. Please put some nuts, raisins and orange in my stocking. And please don't forget our Christmas tree. Santa, don't forget the twins; bring them a ring Polly. Now Santa, I will try to be as good as a boy can be, and will go to bed sooner and shut my eyes tight. I live at No. 36 North Thirtieth Street, Richmond, Va. Santa, I forgot: Please bring me a sleigh, so I can get out in the snow.

Your little boy,  
HUGH HUNTER HARDWICKE.

## Christmas Slippers.

There is nothing more acceptable, serviceable and useful than SLIPPERS for Ladies and Gentlemen. To-morrow we will show the largest and most comprehensive line of these goods ever displayed in this vicinity.

"Take time by the forelock"; make your selections now while styles and sizes are complete.



Men's House Slippers, soft and comfortable, made of soft Vic Kid and Felt—

**50c to \$2.00**

Ladies' Slippers, all felt slippers with fur top, from—

**50c to \$2.50**

Misses' and Children's Slippers—

**50c, 75c and \$1.00**

Doll Baby FREE with every cash purchase of Children's Shoes or Slippers.

**Dabney & Johnston,**  
THIRD AND BROAD.

My daddy's been telling me wonderful things. Of a queer little man who every year To all the good little girls and boys Such wonderful, beautiful, magical toys. Dear Santa, now maybe you don't know my name, And I'm sure for that you're not to blame, For I've not lived in this neighborhood long. And it's natural you do not know where I belong. But I'm sure you'll remember me when you're told That I live in Chase City—am just three and a half old, a good little boy, except sometimes I'm at night. I cry just a little—tho' I know it's not right— But, Santa, I'm little, so don't pass me by. Please, Santa, I'll promise you that I'll be good. Oh! bring me a chain for my dear doggie's neck. And a wee little dollie that never can break. A horn, and a drum, and a big woolly Dear Santa, you think I am asking a heap? But I do wish a sled and a big rubber ball. And then—let me see—I believe that is Just come down the chimney—I'll be like a mouse. It's been many a day since you came to this house. So Good-bye, dear Santa, keep out of the cold, And don't forget Rufus, just three months old.

RUFUS COMPTON MADDOX.

Fairmount.  
Dear Santa Claus.—Please bring me a doll, a Xmas tree and any toys you have extra. You must be sure and come in. I will go to bed very early, so you will have plenty of time to fix my things. Your little girl,  
GERTRUDE DAVIS.

Fairmount.  
Dear Old Santa.—I will write to you this year. It will be my first letter to you, as I did not write any last year, as I was too little. Please bring me a rattle, a rattle, a dog, and everything you bring must be a gift of mine. Stand me, and stand all of my aunts and my grandmoms and grandpa, everything they want. Your little boy,  
LEONARD E. DAVIS.

12 North Twenty-second Street.

Richmond, Va.  
Dear Santa Claus.—Please bring me a doll, so I can play and sing lessons; two, three, nine doll babies, some poppy-corn, candy, and two ducks for me to ride. Your little girl,  
CARRIE JETZER.

211 South Jefferson Street.

Dear Santa Claus.—I am a little boy eight years old; please bring me a tri-

cycle, writing desk, kid gloves, knife, watch and chain, some candies and a lot of good things to eat.

Good-bye,  
HAROLD B. WALKER,  
Drewry's Bluff, Va.

P. S.—Be sure to bring me some pop-

crackers.

Dear Santa Claus.—Please bring me a necklace for my kitty, a little rocking chair, a rag baby that won't break, and a little rattle so I can bite on it, a dove in a band box and a few toys so I can play with them when I am on the floor. You will find my stocking hanging up down stairs in the dining room. Put some things in my stocking. Good bye, Santa. From your good little girl,

LEIZZIE GILL.

500 North Twenty-first St., Richmond.

Dear Old Santa Claus.—I am a fat little girl and I want you to bring me a doll baby and carriage and a little bed and a little lamp and a devil in the band box and a horn and some pop-crackers and a stocking full of good things. From your little fat girl,

HELEN GILL.

500 North Twenty-first St., Richmond.

Dear Old Santa Claus.—Please bring me a doll baby and carriage and a baby bed and a lamp, a little set of castors, a little tea set and a tin horn and some fireworks and a whole lot of good things. I am going to be a nice little girl, and I am going to stop sucking my thumb. From your little girl,

MINNIE GILL.

500 North Twenty-first St., Richmond.

Dear Old Santa Claus.—I want you to bring me a sleigh with round iron runners, a footboard, and engine and train, book and ladder, and a Christmas tree, with candy and lots of nice things on it.

J. LEWIS CARAVATI.

500 North Twenty-first St., Richmond.

My Dear Santa Claus.—Please bring me a big doll, a go-cart, and a sled.

WINSTON GENTRY.

3020 East Broad Street.

Richmond, Va.

My Dear Santa Claus.—I want a large doll, nicely dressed; a tea-set, a doll-carriage, a bureau, a washstand, and toilet-set for my doll, and anything else

All Things You Wish to Give HIM at the Price You Want to Pay are Shown Here

The Schnurman Store,  
731 MAIN STREET.

Valuable Souvenirs Given Free to All Callers.



## WHAT SHALL I GIVE HIM?

Suggestions

From the

SCHNURMAN

STORE.

A fine SILK Umbrella? From \$2.00 to \$10.00.

Handsome Walking Cane? \$1.00 to \$10.00.

Ivory Mounted Riding Crop? \$3.00 to \$10.00.

Silver Buckle Silk Suspenders? 50 cents to \$5.00.

Fine SILK Mufflers? \$1.00 to \$5.00.

Initial Linen Handkerchiefs? 25 cents and 50 cents.

Handsome Neckwear? 50 cents to \$2.50.

Silk Handkerchiefs, Bath Robes, Pajamas, Gloves,

Scarf Pins, Cuff Buttons, Shirt Studs,

Hats, Hosiery, Overcoat, Suit, Trousers or Fancy Vest.

Goods laid aside and delivered when wanted.

Initials engraved free on umbrellas, canes, suspenders, etc.

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Your little boy,  
HUGH HUNTER HARDWICKE.

Dear Santa Claus.—I am a little girl six years old, and would like for you to bring me a new dress for Sunday, a story book, a little wash bowl and pitcher, a little washstand, a drawing slate, a horn, some fireworks, and please dress my boy baby over for me. Fill my stocking with good things, and don't forget our Christmas tree. Santa, don't forget my little twin sisters, and stop by Grandmother's and leave something there for me. Santa, please don't forget my little twin sister; they are both Polly babies. I would like for you to bring us a Christmas tree like you have always done. I will be a good girl and help mama and go to bed soon and shut my eyes tight. Good-bye, dear old Santa. I live at No. 36 North Thirtieth Street; don't forget the place. Don't forget to fill my stocking with goodies. Your little girl,  
MARION VIRGINIA HARDWICKE.

Dear Santa Claus.—I am a little girl eight years old, and I would like for you to bring me a pair of kid gloves, a muff and fur, a new dress for Sunday, a fairy tale book, some fireworks, and dress my boy baby over for me. Fill my stocking with good things, and don't forget our Christmas tree. Santa, don't forget my little twin sisters; they are both Polly babies. I would like for you to bring us a Christmas tree like you have always done. I will be a good girl and help mama and go to bed soon and shut my eyes tight. Good-bye, dear old Santa. I live at No. 36 North Thirtieth Street; don't forget the place. Don't forget to fill my stocking with goodies. Your little girl,  
DESSIE DILL HARDWICKE.

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But, Santa, I'm little, so don't pass me by. Please, Santa, I'll promise you that I'll be good. Oh! bring me a chain for my dear doggie's neck. And a wee little dollie that never can break.

A horn, and a drum, and a big wooly Dear Santa, you think I am asking a heap? But I do wish a sled and a big rubber ball. And then—let me see—I believe that is Just come down the chimney—I'll be like a mouse. It's been many a day since you came to this house. So Good-bye, dear Santa, keep out of the cold, And don't forget Rufus, just three months old.

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